MARVEL COMICS GROUP
60¢
179
FEB
02459
WIN A Columbia TEN-SPEED FORMULA 10 RACER!
DETAILS INSIDE
DAREDEVIL
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
...SOMEBODY HAD TO WIN!

Stan Lee presents

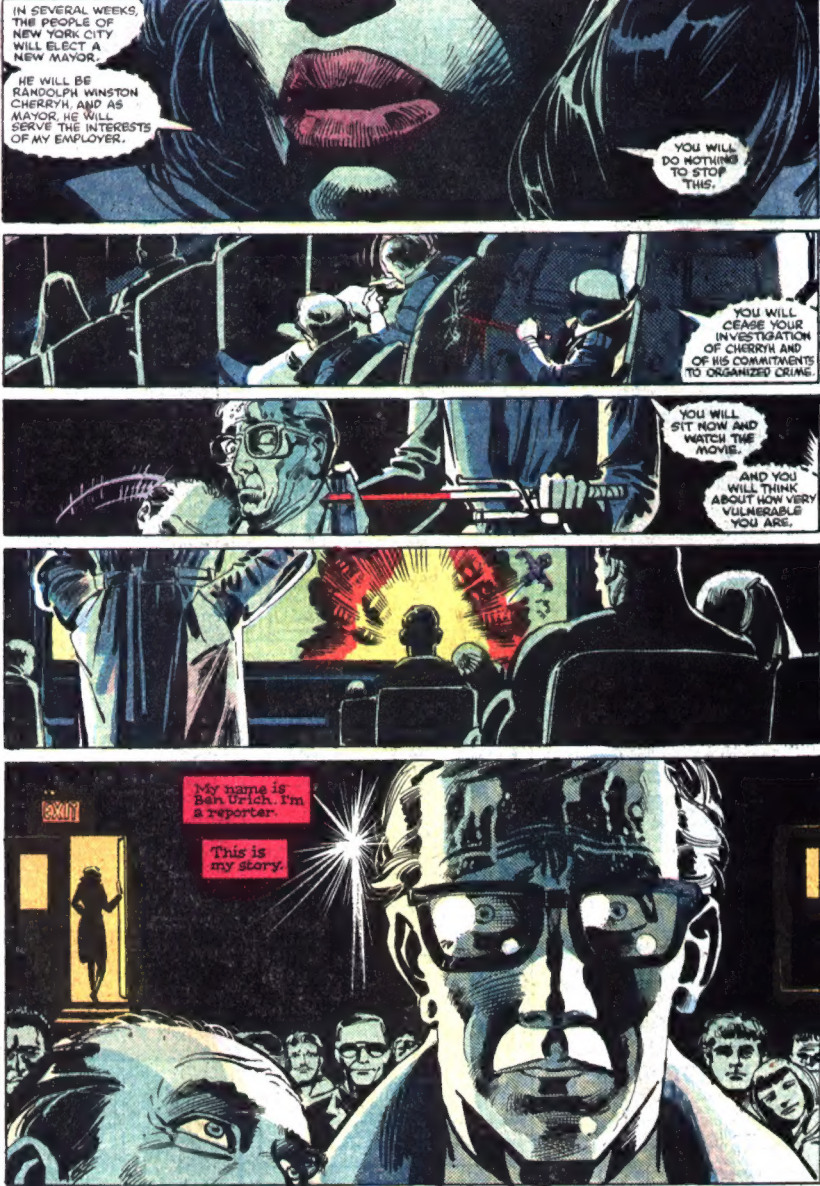
SPIKED!

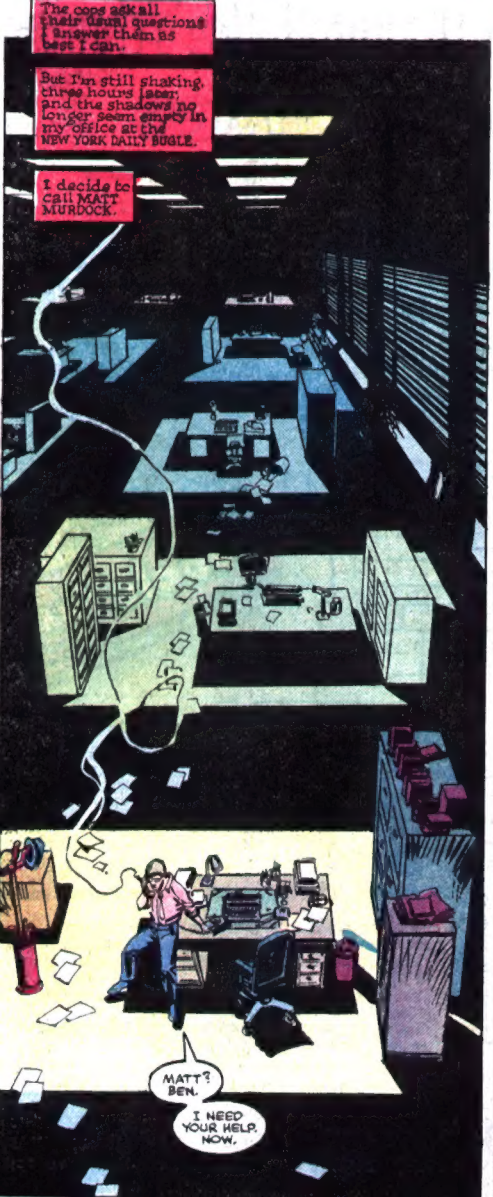
FRANK MILLER · KLAUS JANSON · DENNY O'NEIL

JOE ROSEN JIM SHOOTER

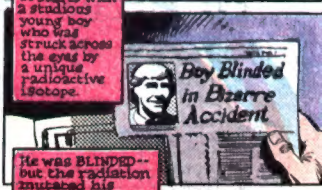
DAREDEVIL® Vol. 1, No. 179, February, 1982. (U.S.P.S. 148-440) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publishing, Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright© 1981 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 60¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate $7.20 for 12 issues. Canada, $8.20. Foreign, $9.20. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP. Postmaster: Send address changes to Subscription Dept., Marvel Comics Group, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

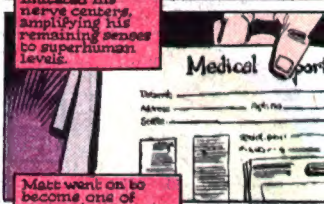
THE MOB'S GOT MACHO CHARRO INVESTED IN THAT CHERRYH GUY. BIG BUCKS. AND THEY--
OW.
YOUR FRIEND IS DEAD, MR. URICH.
MOVE, OR SPEAK--
--AND YOU WILL JOIN HIM.

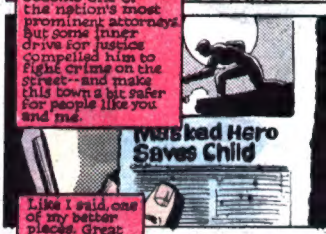

IN SEVERAL WEEKS, THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK CITY WILL ELECT A NEW MAYOR.
HE WILL BE RANDOLPH WINSTON CHERRYH, AND AS MAYOR, HE WILL SERVE THE INTERESTS OF MY EMPLOYER.
YOU WILL DO NOTHING TO STOP THIS.
YOU WILL CEASE YOUR INVESTIGATION OF CHERRYH AND OF HIS COMMITMENTS TO ORGANIZED CRIME.
YOU WILL SIT NOW AND WATCH THE MOVIE.
AND YOU WILL THINK ABOUT HOW VERY VULNERABLE YOU ARE.
EXIT
My name is Ben Urich. I'm a reporter.
This is my story.


The cops ask all their usual questions. I answer them as best I can.
But I'm still shaking, three hours later, and the shadows no longer seem empty in my office at the NEW YORK DAILY BUGLE.
I decide to call MATT MURDOCK.
MATT? BEN.
I NEED YOUR HELP. NOW.

Let me tell you about Matt Murdock. It's one of my better pieces.

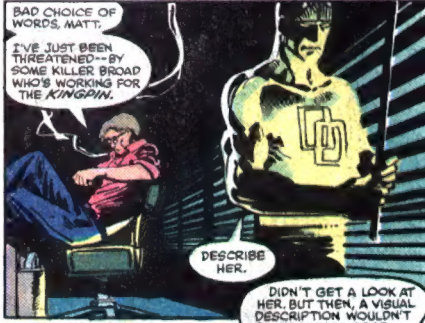

It starts with a studious young boy who was struck across the eyes by a unique radioactive isotope.
Boy Blinded in Bizarre Accident


He was BLINDED-- but the radiation mutated his nerve centers, amplifying his remaining senses to superhuman levels.
Medical Report


Matt went on to become one of the nation's most prominent attorneys but some inner drive for justice compelled him to fight crime on the street-- and make this town a bit safer for people like you and me.
Masked Hero Saves Child

Like I said, one of my better pieces. Great copy. Pulitzer Prize material.
But it'll never see print.

Maybe I'll pull the Matt Murdock story out of my files once in a while, and think about that Pulitzer. But I won't blow his cover.
It's worth too much to me to know that in this city where crime and corruption are as thick as roaches in last week's garbage, there's one man like DAREDEVIL.
BEN, YOU'VE GOT TO STOP SMOKING THOSE CIGARETTES.
THEY'LL KILL YOU.

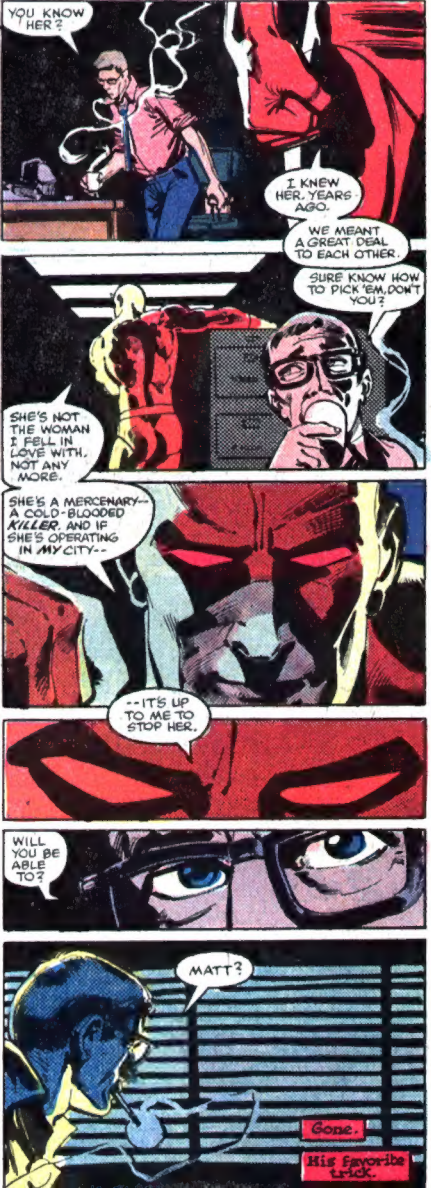

BAD CHOICE OF WORDS, MATT.
I'VE JUST BEEN THREATENED--BY SOME KILLER BROAD WHO'S WORKING FOR THE KINGPIN.
DESCRIBE HER.

DIDN'T GET A LOOK AT HER. BUT THEN, A VISUAL DESCRIPTION WOULDN'T DO YOU MUCH GOOD, WOULD IT?

NOT MUCH. WHAT ABOUT HER VOICE?
SHE HAD AN ACCENT. EUROPEAN. MEDITERRANEAN, I THINK.

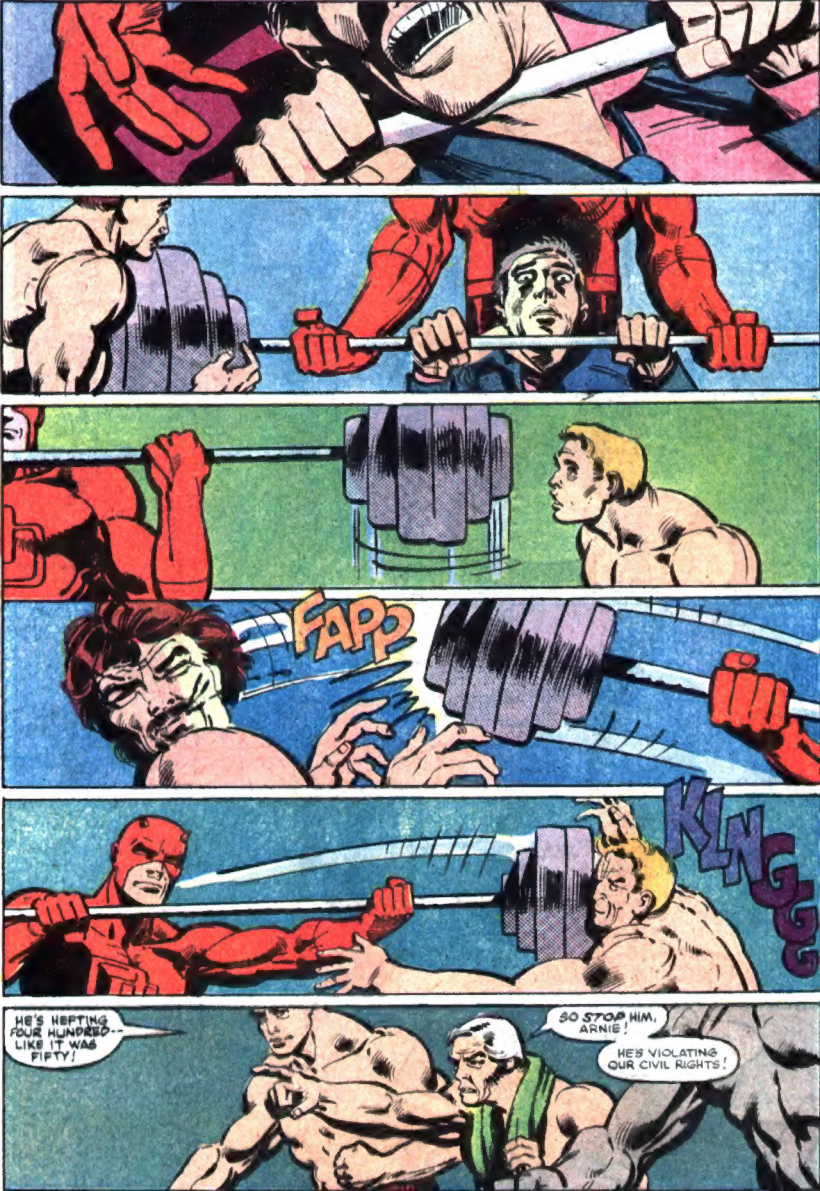
AND SHE HAD A WEAPON. LIKE A BIG FORK. ABOUT THIS L...UH, ABOUT TWO FEET LONG.

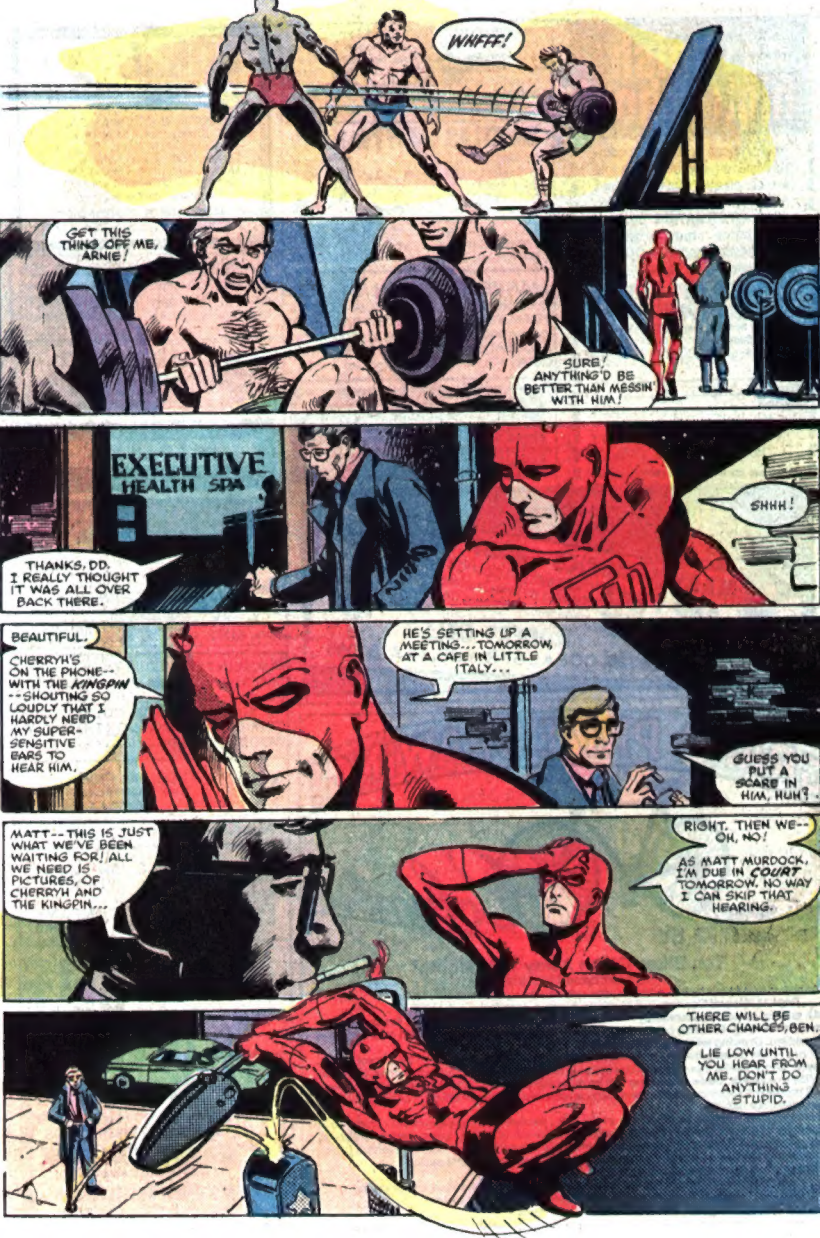
ELEKTRA!
ELEKTRA...

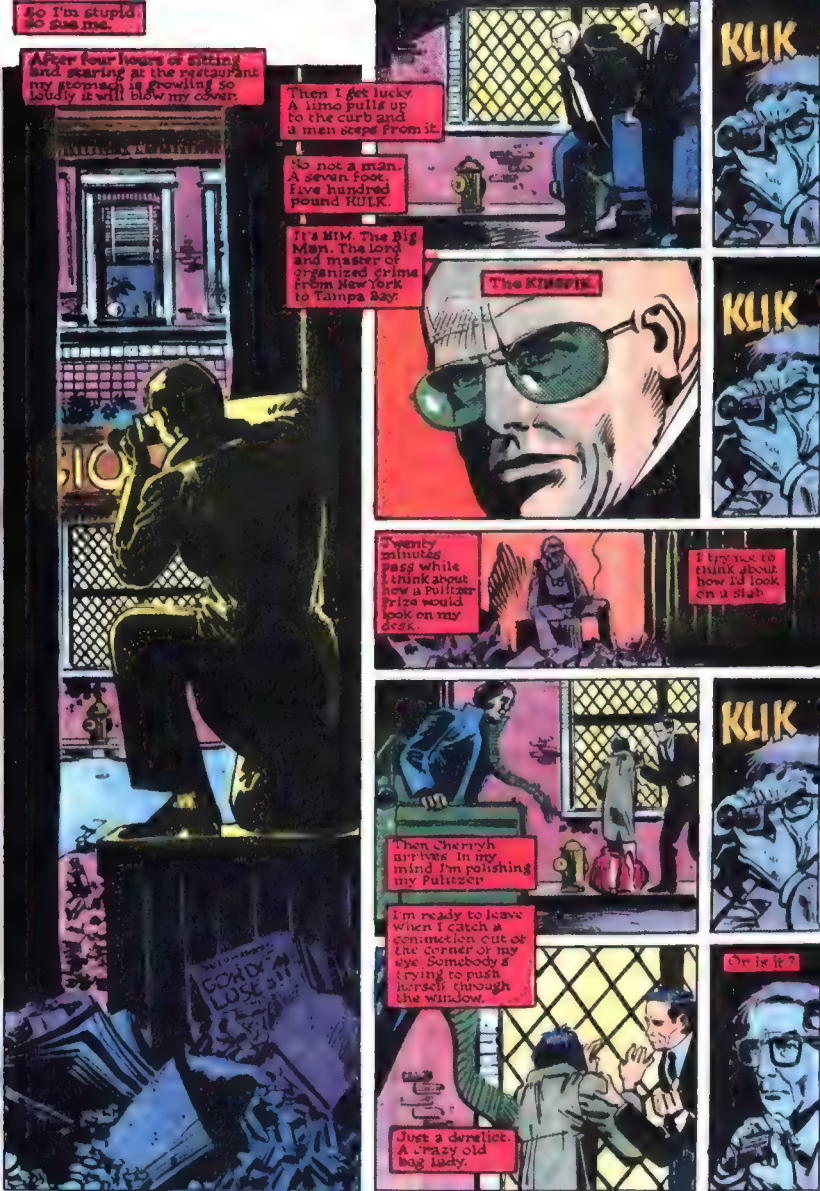

YOU KNOW HER?
I KNEW HER, YEARS AGO.
WE MEANT A GREAT DEAL TO EACH OTHER.
SURE KNOW HOW TO PICK 'EM, DON'T YOU?
SHE'S NOT THE WOMAN I FELL IN LOVE WITH, NOT ANY MORE.
SHE'S A MERCENARY--A COLD-BLOODED KILLER, AND IF SHE'S OPERATING IN MY CITY--
--IT'S UP TO ME TO STOP HER.
WILL YOU BE ABLE TO?
MATT?
Gone.
His favorite trick.

Three cups of coffee into the next morning I get a phone call from the man himself, Randolph Winston Cherryh, candidate for mayor.
I meet him at a midtown muscle factory.
...AN ERA OF NATIONAL RENEWAL, MR. URICH. TO MEET OUR DESTINY, WE MUST BE FIT. WE MUST HAVE HEALTHY MINDS--AND HEALTHY BODIES.
YEAH, WELL...

YOU'RE A MESS, URICH. JUST LOOK AT YOU.
TEN MINUTES WITHOUT A CIGARETTE AND YOU'RE COUGHING YOUR LUNGS OUT.
HOFF HOFF
TWENTY MINUTES. YOU TEND TO RAMBLE.
HOW OLD ARE YOU, URICH? FORTY? YOU'LL NEVER MAKE FIFTY IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.
AND YOU'LL NEVER MAKE FORTY-ONE IF YOU DON'T SMARTEN UP.
DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING, URICH?
WE HEARD HIM GIVE YOU SOME GOOD ADVICE, URICH.
YOU HEAR THAT, GENTLEMEN? YOU HEAR THE COUNCILMAN THREATEN ME?
BUT I NEVER EXPECTED YOU TO SAY IT IN FRONT OF WITNESSES.
YOU NEED AN INTENSIVE PROGRAM OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE.
LET'S GET STARTED.
OOF!
BUT BE CAREFUL NOT TO START TOO FAST. TRY SOMETHING LIGHT--
--LIKE, SAY, FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS.
C'MON, URICH. STRETCH THOSE BICEPS.
N... NO... PLEASE...
I CAN'T-- BREATHE--

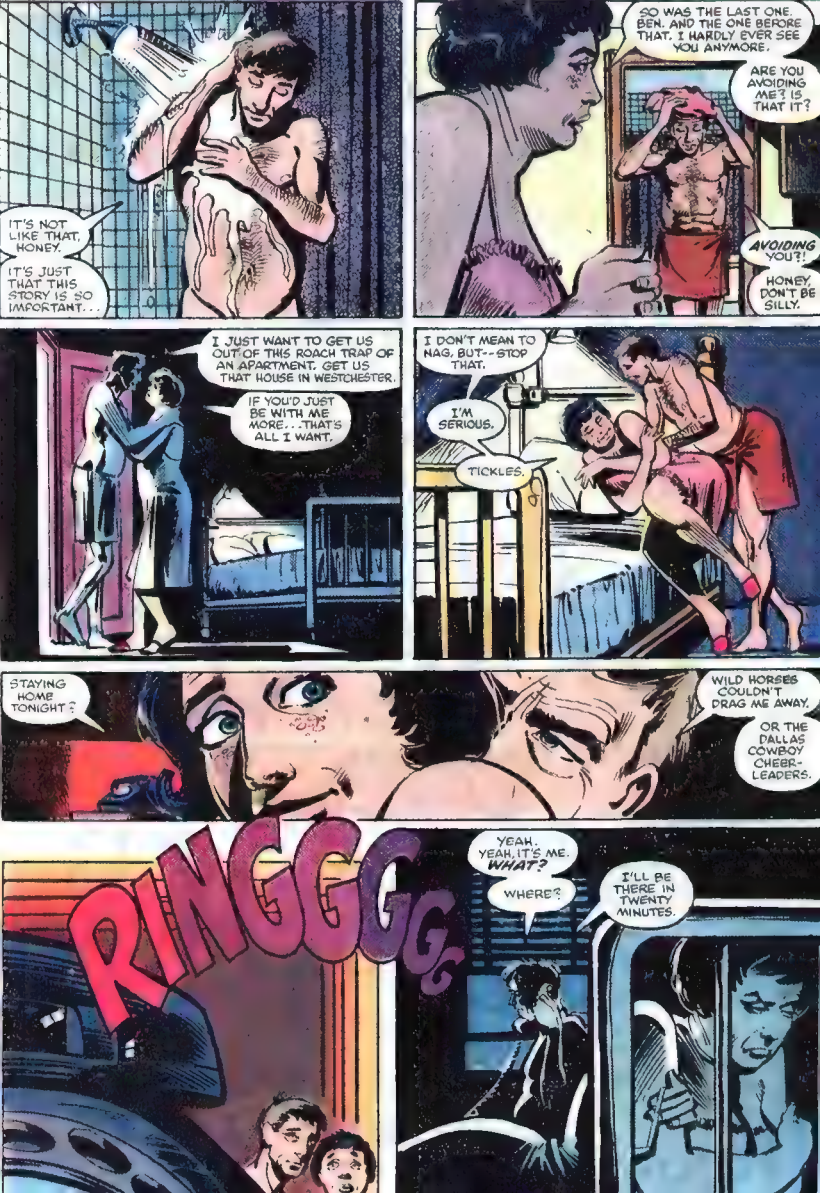

FAPP
KLNGGG
HE'S HEFTING FOUR HUNDRED--LIKE IT WAS FIFTY!
SO STOP HIM, ARNIE!
HE'S VIOLATING OUR CIVIL RIGHTS!


WHFFF!
GET THIS THING OFF ME, ARNIE!
SURE! ANYTHING'D BE BETTER THAN MESSIN' WITH HIM!
EXECUTIVE HEALTH SPA
SHHH!
THANKS, DD. I REALLY THOUGHT IT WAS ALL OVER BACK THERE.
BEAUTIFUL. CHERRYH'S ON THE PHONE--WITH THE KINGPIN--SHOUTING SO LOUDLY THAT I HARDLY NEED MY SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS TO HEAR HIM.
HE'S SETTING UP A MEETING...TOMORROW, AT A CAFE IN LITTLE ITALY...
GUESS YOU PUT A SCARE IN HIM, HUH?
MATT--THIS IS JUST WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! ALL WE NEED IS PICTURES, OF CHERRYH AND THE KINGPIN...
RIGHT. THEN WE--OH, NO!
AS MATT MURDOCK, I'M DUE IN COURT TOMORROW. NO WAY I CAN SKIP THAT HEARING.
THERE WILL BE OTHER CHANCES, BEN.
LIE LOW UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM ME. DON'T DO ANYTHING STUPID.


So I'm stupid. So sue me.
After four hours of sitting and staring at the restaurant my stomach is growling so loudly it will blow my cover.
Then I get lucky. A limo pulls up to the curb and a man steps from it.
No not a man. A seven foot, five hundred pound HULK.
It's MM. The Big Man. The lord and master of organized crime from New York to Tampa Bay.
KLIK
The Kliksis.
KLIK
Twenty minutes pass while I think about how a Pulitzer Prize would look on my desk.
I try not to think about how I'd look on a slab.
Then Cherryh arrives. In my mind I'm polishing my Pulitzer.
KLIK
I'm ready to leave when I catch a commotion out of the corner of my eye. Somebody's trying to push herself through the window.
Just a derelict. A crazy old bag lady.
Or is it?

URICH'S FIRST LAW OF JOURNALISM: If it's not supposed to be there, it's a lead.
Maybe it'll take you to the story of a lifetime.
Or maybe it'll just take you to the subway.
URICH'S SECOND LAW OF JOURNALISM: When in doubt, take a picture.

A bag lady. Just a lousy, smelly bag lady
I was expecting maybe royalty?
She scrambles away and leaves me sitting in the sewage
Oh, well. Anything to further the holy cause of the Fourth Estate
Too bad my wife doesn't see it that way
WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS, BEN. YOU'RE KILLING YOURSELF.


IT'S NOT LIKE THAT, HONEY.
IT'S JUST THAT THIS STORY IS SO IMPORTANT...
SO WAS THE LAST ONE, BEN. AND THE ONE BEFORE THAT. I HARDLY EVER SEE YOU ANYMORE.
ARE YOU AVOIDING ME? IS THAT IT?
AVOIDING YOU?!
HONEY, DON'T BE SILLY.
I JUST WANT TO GET US OUT OF THIS ROACH TRAP OF AN APARTMENT. GET US THAT HOUSE IN WESTCHESTER.
IF YOU'D JUST BE WITH ME MORE...THAT'S ALL I WANT.
I DON'T MEAN TO NAG, BUT--STOP THAT.
I'M SERIOUS.
TICKLES.
STAYING HOME TONIGHT?
WILD HORSES COULDN'T DRAG ME AWAY.
OR THE DALLAS COWBOY CHEER-LEADERS.
RINGGGG
YEAH. YEAH, IT'S ME. WHAT?
WHERE?
I'LL BE THERE IN TWENTY MINUTES.

I cab it to a Times Square diner.

STILL SMOKING THOSE WEEDS, EH, BENNY BOY?

BET YOUR LUNGS LOOK LIKE SOMETHING DIED IN THEM.

DON'T LET IT MAKE YOU BITTER.

WHAT'VE YOU GOT?

CLEAN LUNGS. PINK AS A BABY'S BOTTOM.

ALSO, A TIP FOR YOU THAT'S WORTH THREE BILLS, EASY.

Y'SEE, CHERRYH'S GOT HIMSELF A *LADY*--A SECRET LADY HE MEETS TWICE A WEEK IN THAT HOTEL 'CROSS THE WAY.

JUST TO WORK OFF TENSION, Y'KNOW?

ANYWAY, HE *TALKS* TO HER--'BOUT HIS MARRIAGE, HIS JOB, EVERYTHING.

AND SHE'S MAYBE WILLING TO TALK TO YOU.

MAYBE.

DAREDEVIL??

BACK OFF, RED. I'LL SLICE YOU AND DICE YOU.

SUDDENLY EVERY SMALL-TIME OPERATOR IN TOWN IS BURSTING WITH NEWS ABOUT CHERRYH'S "SECRET LADY."

WHICH MEANS EITHER THE KINGPIN'S BEEN VERY, VERY SLOPPY--WHICH HE *ISN'T*--

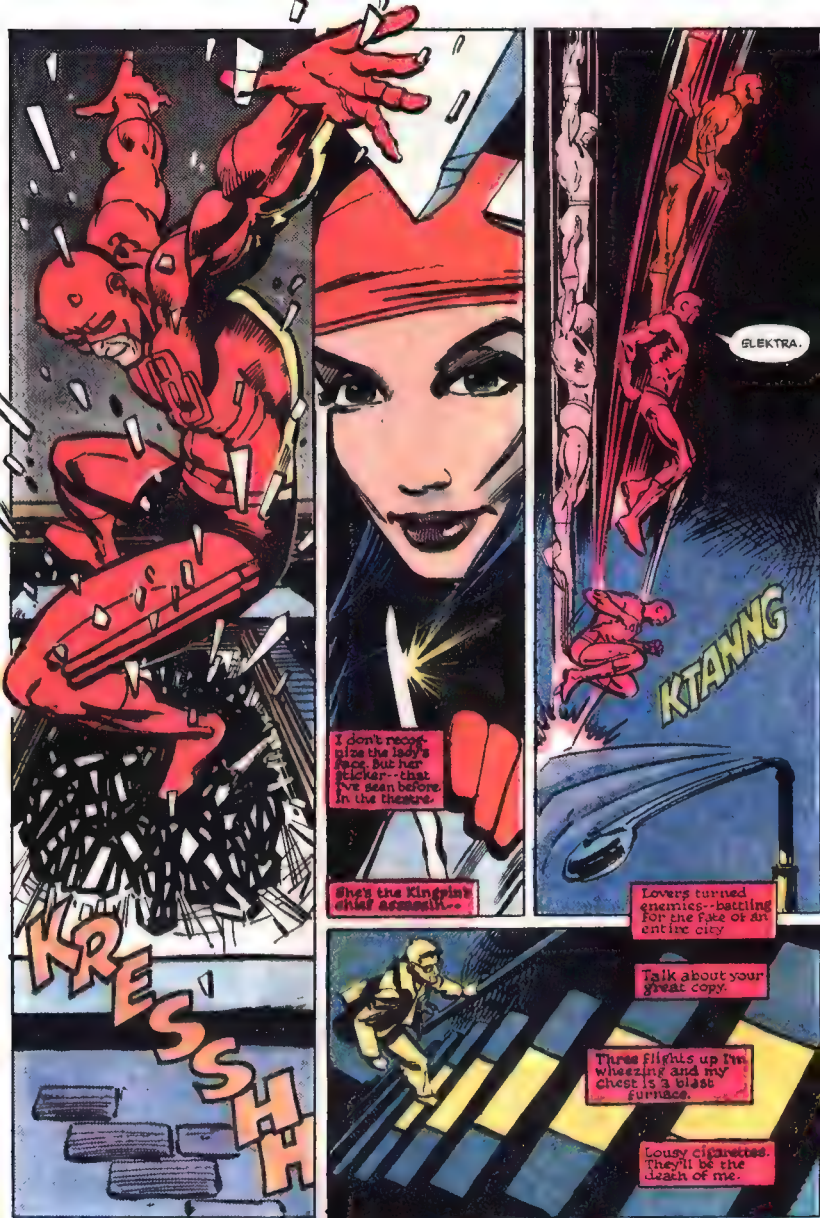
--OR HE WANTS US TO GO INTO THAT HOTEL.

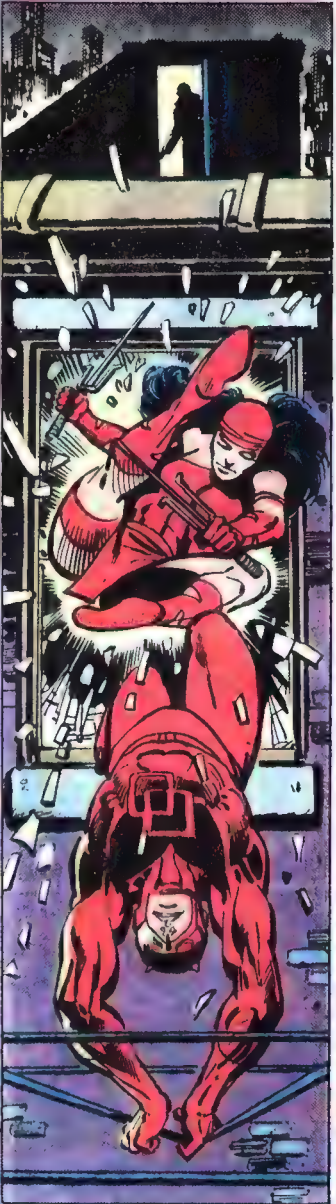
WHICH MEANS IT'S A TRAP.

PROBABLY FILLED WITH MEN, AND GUNS...

OOF!

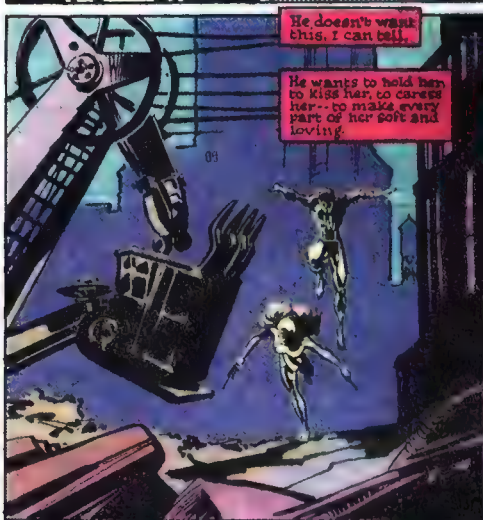
SIT TIGHT, BEN. I'LL CHECK IT OUT.
SURE. I'M NO HERO.
Subtle he's not.
THWAK
WHUD
CHOK
More like a one-man SWAT team.
KLUGG
BLAM
BLAMM
WHOK
Then, abruptly...
Silence.
Don't do this to me, Matt.
Come to the window.
Tell me everything's okay.
Matt...


KRESSHH
I don't recognize the lady's face. But her sticker--that I've seen before in the theatre.
She's the Kingpin's chief assassin--
ELEKTRA.
KTANNG
Lovers turned enemies--battling for the fate of an entire city
Talk about your great copy.
Three flights up I'm wheezing and my chest is a blast furnace.
Lousy cigarettes. They'll be the death of me.



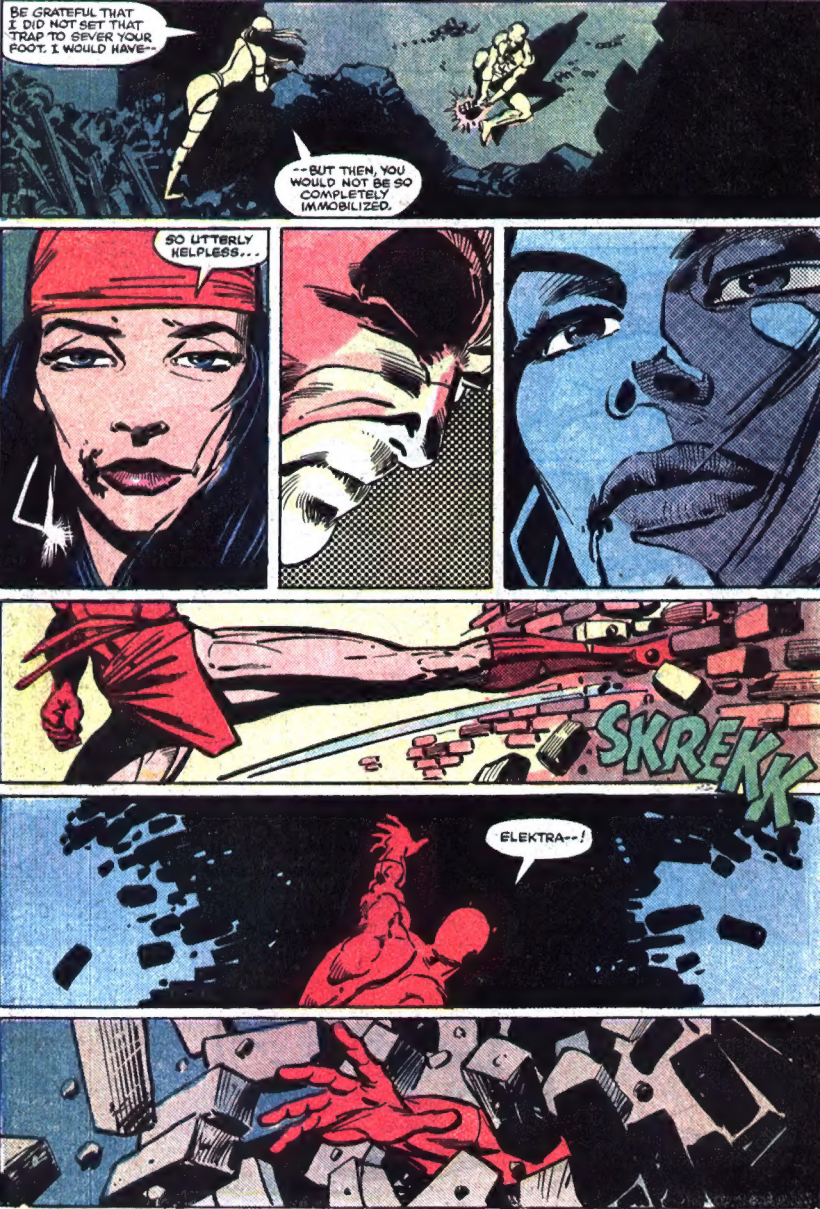
You'd never know what they were to each other unless you saw their faces--

--and glimpsed pain and anger far more personal than it should be.


He doesn't want this, I can tell.
He wants to hold her to kiss her, to caress her--to make every part of her soft and loving.

KLUGG
THWAKKK
WHOKKKK
SKREK

CHOK
SMEK
ELEKTRA-- YOU'VE FORCED ME--
NO. I HAVE TRICKED YOU--
TRAPPED YOU--
CRUMP
SNAP


BE GRATEFUL THAT I DID NOT SET THAT TRAP TO SEVER YOUR FOOT. I WOULD HAVE--
--BUT THEN, YOU WOULD NOT BE SO COMPLETELY IMMOBILIZED.
SO UTTERLY HELPLESS...
SKREKK
ELEKTRA--!

KOFF
KOFF

NEXT ISSUE: THE DAMNED

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

DENNIS O'NEIL
EDITOR
RALPH MACCHIO
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Dear Denny and Frank,

So Daredevil had a mentor, huh? So said mentor is a short, sightless, silver-haired old sort named "Stick", huh? Seems you two gentlemen excel at introducing "new" characters from DD's past into this series. Both Elektra and Stick are as mysterious and elusive as Daredevil himself.

"Hunters" in issue #176 kept up the realistic trend this series has acquired by showing how chaotic a day in Daredevil's life can be.

One more thing: pages 4 and 5 are the two best in the whole book, not to mention two of the most beautifully rendered pages I've ever seen. Heather's rarely shown concern was touching. Every once in a while we need to be reminded that Ms. Glenn is indeed in love with our hero. Perhaps a meeting between Murdock's past and present loves will prove this, while making the romantic triangle that much more interesting. And if a choice must be decided, my money's on Elektra.

Stu Krull
28 Kettle Creek Road
Freehold, NJ 07728

Dear Mesars. Miller and Janson,

Yet another fan letter comes your way, this one inspired by DAREDEVIL #176. At Phil Seuling's recent comic convention in New York City, Jim Shooter spoke very highly of your current work on this title, and it's easy to see why. DAREDEVIL is emerging as one of Marvel's most compelling and exciting characters of all time, thanks to your combined genius.

This issue was full of interesting counterpoints. The two-page scene at Wall-Eyed Pike's, from the initial tooth-brushing episode down to Pike's thwarted move to New Jersey (of all places!), had me laughing out loud, providing a needed humorous balance to the dark severity of DD's current situation. Another intriguing counterpoint plays off Heather Glenn's attempts to find her man vs. Elektra's stalking protection of her first and only love.

While I'm on the subject of women in Daredevil's life, let me say that I've never been too fond of Heather or her social leanings, and was glad when the dynamic Elektra burst in on the scene, if for no other reason than to give DD an alternative love interest. Yet, with issue #176, even though Heather absurdly complains of being late for a concert while her supposed loved one is struggling with the fact of his real blindness, she does go out after him, into the seedier parts of town, to help him any way she can. This gives Heather a lot more in the way of guts than I would have credited her with, and consequently fleshes out her previously limp, high-society characterization. (But would she have pulled a gun on Snuff — and successfully???)

Another beautiful balance occurs between the quick Daredevil/Turk fight and the Elektra/Kirigi confrontation. Your portrayals of violence flow smoothly, without superfluous verbal patter, and with a kind of controlled passion.

Your midnight, storm-wrought settings, tightly suspenseful plots, superb shadowy artwork, and the poetic starkness of the writing all serve to highlight your dramatic conceptualization of DD as the darknight devil. Many thanks to you both for such excellent work.

Diana Schultz
524 Lakeshore Road
Beaconsfield, Quebec
Canada H9W 4J7

Dear Frank Miller,

Where do you find the courage?

Here you've created a character like Elektra who at once complements and conflicts with your Daredevil. You've let her grow and exist not in just one issue, but many consecutive epics, not letting us forget her. Not letting Matt forget her. Not letting her go and walk away and forget him. And all for what? By your final narrative in #176 I could see, perhaps where you are heading. I shuddered, too, to think that — of course — there can be no happy ending. Matt, as he is, true to character, is true to the law. Love lost or love found, his love for the law is greater.

If DAREDEVIL were my book, and if these were my characters, I would have him forget the law, instead of forgetting Elektra. I would have her go to him in love instead of hate. I would throw away a comic book and a legend and I would not be sorry, if I could just once let these people — so sure of themselves, so lonely — find love and peace and live happily ever after.

Even though I, like Matt Murdock, know what is, in the end, *right*, so real have you made them that I fear for them to lose each other. Although, if Matt and Elektra are truly as fearless as they seem, they may not realize just what it is they've lost, until it is too late.

Victoria Schodowski
115 South Cobalt Ridge Drive
Levittown, PA 19057

Dear Frank, Denny & Co.,

I would like to congratulate all of you for what you are doing with DAREDEVIL. It used to be that when I make my weekly journey to the comic shop I'd buy just about every DC and Marvel, except for DD. Not anymore. DAREDEVIL is now one of my favorite titles, right up there with X-MEN. Please continue what you are doing. Each months's issue is a new delicacy to devour!

Craig A. Larson
280 Clearfield Drive
Williamsville, NY 14221

Dear Frank Miller and Klaus Janson,

This is not a fan letter. It is a love letter.

Frank, the things you've been doing over the last eight months or so go well beyond my ability to analyze. Somehow, you've managed to take a mediocre strip, a weak title in an otherwise solid lineup, and turn it into the best comic book available today.

By writing as well as drawing the strip, you've managed to take nearly total control over what goes on in the book. You've used this to advantage again and again, often allowing the pictures alone to tell the story for a page or two at a time (similar to Steranko's technique in SHIELD back in the late '60s). You've pared down unnecessary verbiage, such as lengthy captions (a weakness in many writers), to a bare minimum, allowing dialogue to move the story along — as it should. You've introduced supporting characters of all kinds, such as Turk and the other unseemly denizens of the bar — by now almost a standard locale in the stories. You've given Daredevil a past, in the form of old teachers and loves. Elektra is the best new character created in any Marvel mag in the last five years. You've given the Gladiator a past, and an outlook on life — however twisted — that would explain his actions of the past several years. And always, at the same time, you keep the book fun to read. As a struggling student/would-be writer, I honestly cannot understand how you manage to do it.

Klaus, please don't think I've forgotten your own contributions to the book. I've seen Frank's work around in several mags and I always enjoy it — but believe me, you are the *only* inker that does his work any justice. Your use of light and shade, of heavy washes of black and bars of white or bright color — these are the elements which make Frank's work distinctive. Please stay with Frank on this book.

Gentlemen, I hope by now it's pretty obvious what I'm trying to say: stay on this book. Please. Frankly, I don't see how you could leave. Frank, Klaus — you have made this book *your* book. You have done things that no other writer/artist team would dream of doing — or *could* do. If you remain with the book for a while, your names will become synonymous with the characters which you have created.

For what you have done, for what you are doing, I love you both very much. Thank you.

Dave Maine
PO Box 173
Farmington, CT 06032

Dear Frank:

You are doing excellent work. You have made DAREDEVIL my number one comic.

Just one request. Have Heather be eaten by a gila monster so our hero can love Elektra again. Am I asking too much?

Nuff Talbert
3530 Reburta Lane
Simi Valley, CA 93063

NEXT ISSUE: To find Vanessa, DD *braves a city beneath the city* — and finds something waiting. Something deadly.